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Bates College

Oct 19

MAGAZINE SECTION

THE BATES STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE

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BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

A WORD TO THE WISE

Wake up, everybody—*The Student Magazine* is started on the new year. Now please don't think it necessary to wait until one of the editors comes to coax and persuade you into writing, before you send in a contribution—We can't possibly see you all, you know.

It has occurred to us, however, that there may be some potent-

ial contributors who have the best of intentions, but are overawed by the fancied severe and dignified character of the editors. Perhaps there are some who honestly don't know what we should like to have them write. For their benefit, therefore, we have decided to tell you in a general way what we should like to publish in this magazine.

In the first place, we want to print what the most of you will enjoy reading, for you are the ones who subscribe to the paper. The consideration of the impression upon the outside world is secondary. Most people realize that we like stories and a few poems, the more interesting and original, the better. We like good stories whether sad or sober, short or long, silly or solemn—if only others enjoy reading them. We are in favor of both old-fashioned and new-fashioned poetry so long as it doesn't sound like a hash of leftovers. But, as we remarked, many people associate the idea of magazine with stories, and poems and utterly forget that there are other parts equally important. We want essays, too—and there are ever so many people that could write them for us. We do not want any abstract discussion of some problem of which all your knowledge is second-hand and in which your interest is lukewarm. What we do want—for one kind of essay—is an article upon a subject in which you are very interested and, if possible, have had some first-hand experience. Instead of writing on Immigration, tell us about the Greeks or the Finns or the Italians as you know them in your home town. If you had some adventures on your summer camping trip worth telling your chums about it, try writing them up,—they might interest others. The boys who have been abroad have ever so many things to tell us about—it will be long before their stories will become common-place.

There is another kind of essay, too, that most of us enjoy—one which doesn't need to be founded on much of anything—if the truth be told. We like what our English professors would term the familiar essay—an essay which merely gives the writer's views or reflections for the moment on some trivial or half-serious subject. Almost any subject will do—if you can only get people to smile with you about it. It's the smile that counts

in this kind of writing. You'll never know how easy it is either, until you try once.

We might add just one more word to our wishes and wants—We do like contributions with names attached. If it seems very desirable because of personal references or other reasons, we can be persuaded to withhold your name. It does seem too bad to ignore an original little poem or interesting story, just because somebody dropped it into the *Student* box over in the library without any name. Yet that has happened.

How about it? Think it over. You won't lose anything by contributing; you may gain a little self-confidence, you may, very probably, have the pleasure of seeing you efforts in print. We are not so severe as we might be, after all.

WHAT WE HAVE TO READ

Shouldn't you like to talk with a man who could tell you about going to college in another land? You would, if he described it so well as Paul Kennison, ex-'18, does in his article, *Four Months at a French University.* After you have read it, you will probably hunt him up and ask him to tell you more about his life over there.

Again, we cannot help noticing the predominance of the class of 1922 among the contributors. They have some good stories, too. Class of 1921, we challenge you, not to let another issue be printed without your numerals in it.

Hope chests! What are they and what aren't they? Most girls will appreciate *Pillowscases and Things* and even a few of the boys may be mildly curious.

If a certain poem entitled *Sunset Angel* had been signed, we should have had that to read, too. Perhaps the author will acknowledge it before next month—We hope so.

THE ELOPING OF POLLUX

DOROTHEA DAVIS, '22

Redland, New Hampshire,
Sept. 28, 1919.

Dear Mother:

My advent is effected in Redland's School for Boys and Girls. Shall write more when I get established.

Expeditiously,

Mary.

Redlands, Oct. 3, 1919.

Dear oh darling Mother:

Your most apprehended letter came to-day. Yes, I didn't leave anything on the train accept my suit-case; but I got my rain-coat and umbrella, and, by the catalogue, those rather than elaborate clothes are necessary.

No, I haven't a cold, but I lost the camphor bag on the train I guess. I went down-street this afternoon to get some to replace it and asked for a pound, but they gave me a prodigious bag full—I guess they made a mistake. I set out to go back and tell them about it, but it began to rain and I had to hurry back to school. Was that right?

Thank you so much for the dictionary of synonyms. I studied it all the way down on the train and find my vocabulary inlarging already. Must terminate this to finish my French lesson.

Most adorably,

Mary.

October 10, 1919.

Dear Mother:

Yes, I'm maintaining a clear head and am not absent-minded. Don't worry. I suppose I *had* ought to see about my suit-case.

I guess I do need it. What shall I say when I notify the conductor?

How do I like college? I thot I'd written you. Oh it's nice; it fairly inveigles me. My room-mate's name is Florence Chapman. She has ebonous hair that ripples in mystic undulations; and her cerulean eyes are lustrous with merriment. I venerate her.

October 11.

Oh mama, I am most *wretched!* Last night a returned nurse spoke for the Red Cross. She had eyes that were "wells of silent prayer" (that's in my birthday book) all the time she was talking. The boys over across, she proclaimed, were giving their all—every sinew, every nerve; and we Americans are laying in lap of luxury, looking on. We must sacrifice everything, until we pinched. She was magnificent and all the time those wells were calling. I was thrilled, excited, and put in ten dollars ($10.00). I haven't any more.

Please succour me.

Mary.

October 17, 1919.

Mother mine:

Thanks for the money. No, I won't ever be impulsive. I don't think it's right.

Last night there was a jointed party between the boys and girls, and I met Georgie Whitman. We had a captivating time. Florence wore a vesture of chiffon with hues of an October sunset. She radiated like a goddess. I wish I weren't so rotund, but then gym may reduce me. I forgot and wore my sneakers instead of my dancing slippers; but it's only the soul that matters, at least that's what Georgie says.

I am really taken with Georgie—we like so many things alike. Georgie dotes on stories of romance and mystery and told me all kinds of thrilling stories coming home. I felt quite flattered to be with an upperclassman.

No, I haven't seen about the suitcase yet. You haven't apprised me what to say.

Ardently, Mary.

October 24.

My very own Mother:

Listen! History has repeated itself, and Georgie and I have become eternal friends. Last night when the saffron moon cast its effulgent rays over our nefarious world, Georgie and I crept arm in arm to a near-by church-yard. And there ten (10) paces from a hollow oak we buried in a shoe box a parchment which proclaimed that I, Mary Wright, and I, Georgie Whitcomb, would under the sign of Castor and Pollux pledge eternal and everlasting friendship to each other. Then with bowed heads we received the kindly blessings of those two ancient ones who had been faithful unto the end. At some later date, when our bones are but ashes, our pledge will be exhumed and our names go down in ages. Isn't that wonderful?

Now, honored mother, I must seek out my couch.

Thrillingly,

Your Pollux.

P.S. Georgie says Castor and Pollux were brothers, but the idea is the same.

Redlands, N. H.,
Oct. 28, 1919.

Dear Mother:

Just a note. The excitement of the week is that a couple in our class went to Gorham to get married. They *eloped!!* Think of it, Mother! You know in Gorham you can get marriage licenses easier. I don't quite understand, but Georgie says so and Georgie knows. Georgie says eloping is idealistic and lots of people have got married at sixteen. I think so too; and we've decided that if ever we get married, we'll elope. I can hardly wait.

Please don't get impatient, mother dear, about the suit-case. Now that I know what to say, I'll go right down and see about it. Let me repeat, I'll never be impulsive.

Castor has just come over, so I must desist. Oh to elope!

Yours in watchful waiting,

Pollux.

Telegram

Gorham, N. H.,
Oct. 29, 1919.

Mrs. F. E. Wright,
Halton, N. H.

Mary

Send $10 directly. Georgie and I need it. Explain later.

Telegram

Gorham, N. H.,
Oct. 29, 1919.

Mrs. F. E. Wright,
Halton, N. H.,

Eloping! Why Mother! Business-like, got on train to see about suit-case, and it started and carried me down here. Georgie's mad. Says it's too romantic. She's cross. I don't like her any more. What made you think I'd eloped?

Want to come home.

Dejectedly,

Mary.

FOUR MONTHS AT A FRENCH UNIVERSITY

PAUL H. KENNISON, '20

Shortly after this year began, France and England gave new proof of their friendship for the United States by opening the portals of their universities to the students and graduates of American institutions, then members of the American Expeditionary Forces. These men enthusiastically welcomed this opportunity to lay aside for a time the dull monotony of military life, and to become listeners once again to the sage words of venerable professors.

The arrangements were soon completed, and the last few days of February saw nearly five hundred American soldiers pour into the quiet town of Montpellier, in southern France. Among them was one man from my own company and myself.

We could scarcely trust our senses as we stepped from the train. Here was a strange town, indeed; not an American soldier in sight. Was it really France And the air—so warm and balmy—was like an evening in June. Yes, this was Montpellier; there could be no mistake.

We finally found our registration office and a guide took us to headquarters at the Petit Lycee. This was an immense boys' school on the outskirts of the city proper, which had been converted into a dormitory to accomodate the influx of so many American students. We were assigned a room, and slept the sleep of weary travelers.

Montpellier lies in the very center of the most beautiful region of France, the Midi. About fifty miles to the east, the Rhone River empties into the Gulf of Lyons, and only seven miles south of the city is the Mediterranean.

The city itself is the richest and one of the most beautiful in provincial France. It is rich in art, architecture, and learning. Among its hundred thousand inhabitants are some of the wealthiest and most honored French families.

The University of Montpellier was over two hundred years old when this continent was discovered. There existed a college of arts and science before Placentinus, a distinguished doctor of laws from Spain, established the college of law in 1160. In 1160, these were merged into one university bearing the name of the city, and one hundred and twenty three years later its charter was granted. Ever since the twelfth century, the college of medicine has been the most renowned in Europe. Rabelais and Casaubon were once members of the faculty; and Petrarch, Rousseau and Villeneuve have been numbered among the students.

Small wonder, then, that during our stroll about the city the next morning, we were impressed by its architectual and natural beauty, and by its air of peaceful tranquillity. Gone was the clamor and clatter of busy vehicles so characteristic of an American city, and yet there was the usual activity.

In the afternoon we registered at the University, arranging our courses under the supervision of Mr. Robert Plaisance,

formerly a professor at Brown University. There followed the assignment of rooms, and my friend and I found ourselves the guests of a lady who had lost her son on the Eastern front shortly before the war ended. Already we were finding our new life more agreeable than we had hoped.

In the evening an informal reception was held in the foyer of the municipal theatre. Several addresses were delivered welcoming us to Montpellier and its university, after which we became acquainted with many of the French students, not a few of whom spoke English fluently. We felt we were rapidly being assimilated into the student body.

With the opening of the semester the next morning, this feeling was augmented. The classes were of two kinds; special inductive lessons in French for those who had not studied French, and the regular courses for other students. The latter included all regular subjects in science, arts, law and medicine.

We naturally expected to find a beautiful campus and buildings similar to those in American colleges. On the contrary, while the buildings were immense, they faced an ordinary narrow business street not more than a half mile from the centre of the city. The main building was of three stories, and it embraced the colleges of art, science and law, together with the university library. In shape it was a huge rectangle, divided into two square sections each of which enclosed a well-shaded court. A corridor from the street led to the first court, and in turn the second court was reached by a corridor. By this arrangement the classrooms were all easily accessible, and they had the advantage of receiving light from two sides, since they all overlooked one of the two courts.

The college of medicine occupied an imposing building which faced a widely-shaded boulevard, and overlooked the botanical gardens.

All classes were in the form of lectures, except a few in languages, where that method could not be followed. This is the prevailing custom in the European university, and it seems too deeply-rooted to be supplanted by any other. The value af

the course depends therefore upon outside reading and study, and upon the notes taken.

Our classes were held from eight in the morning until seven at night. The professor was always the last to arrive in the classroom, and we followed the French custom of rising when he entered the room, remaining standing until he was seated at his desk.

One lamentable feature of college life to the French student is the lack of athletics. Soon after our arrival, we organized baseball, basket-ball and track teams, each of which evoked the interest and admiration of the French people. Some of them even attempted to paraphrase our baseball slang into French!

During all this time the Y. M. C. A. was not idle. We were fortunate in having two Y ladies, Miss Elizabeth Lingle, of Chicago, and Miss Margaret Justin of Manhattan, Kansas, to attend to our social needs. Later, they were joined by Miss Ruth Reeder, and this trio arranged regular Wednesday afternoon thé-dansants to which our friends were invited. Chief among the charms of this weekly event was our large orchestra, which exerted a strangely fascinating influence over them.

Thursdays were holidays. Students in Geology took organized trips to the nearby places of interest, and very often longer excursions were arranged for the entire student body, whereby we visited several cities of geographical and historical significance.

The interest of the people in us never flagged. We were taken into the family, and allowed to see and study intimately their home life. After a time they even dropped the salutory "M'sieur" when addressing us, which means much to the ultra-polite Frenchman.

The four months soon flew by, and there came the saying of farewells and the departure. As we look back, who could have failed to enjoy the companionship of such friends, or to reap cultural gains from professors who strove so hard to interest and teach us?

Our responsibilities were perhaps heavier than we realized. We were the only Americans to stay in their beautiful city. It is no meagre duty for five hundred men to uphold the traditions and be worthy living representatives of a nation in a strange land. We hope we performed this duty to the honor of our country, and that the faith which these people have in America shall ever be justified.

A PRAYER

FREDERICA INESON, '22

Oh, Fir Tree, give me of your strength
To soothe my hunger and allay my thirst
For things which must not be.
You, Fir Tree, standing straight and dark against the northern sky,
Your head crowned by an opal cloud of evening,
You have stood against many a sullen sky of autumn,
And many a time have felt the winter winds,
And have been bent by them to rise again
With royal dignity. You, too, have felt
The snow flakes soft swirling round;
The steeled grip of frost;
And then the first warm breath of spring
Filling the sluggish vein with joy supreme.
Your tender arms cradle a bluebirds' nest,
Your branches softly stir a lullaby, and interlock
Forming a shelter when the lightning splits the sky,
And many hide their face with fear.
And I—who have not lived my life,
Who bend so easily and do not rise so straight,
Pray for your strength.
O, Fir Tree, do not mock.

MEN, WOMAN, AND A BEAR

EDWARD G. STICKNEY, '22

"Better not go too far, because you want to get back to the garage at six o'clock. If you're late again, Howson will fire you," Jake Flower's mother advised him, as he started upon an afternon walk.

"Uh huh".

Jake was nineteen and the yearnings of love were strong within his manly breast. During the past few days, however, the object of his devotions had shown him very little attention; and now unable to sleep, he was about to try to escape his sorrows by climbing Mount Nix. Instead of following the roundabout road, he toiled slowly up a rain-washed path, and in three-quarters of an hour was near the summit. Trees, bushes and boulders were plentifully placed so as to obstruct the view from the path. Swerving quickly from his course, Jake dashed up a steep incline at his right, turned at the top, and walked out upon the village observation, "Rock of Ages", that overhung the path.

Far away, on the outskirts of the town, could be seen the white tents of Arnolds' Stupendous Shows; and on the road at the foot of the mountain there crawled a wagon on which was a large sign expounding the value of a certain compound of snake oil and bears' grease, guaranteed to cure dandruff, indigestion, or falling arches. As Jake watched, a young men and a bear leaped hurriedly from the back of the vehicle and dashed into the woods. Then the sight-seer noticed something that made his blood boil, run cold, and boil again. His hands trembled; he perspired, his heart beat like a drum. His breath sounded like the puffing of a locomotive. The world about him spun. The universe was chaos. Venus and Saturn danced a fox-trot, Mars sharpened his sword on a moon, and Jupitor drank the Milky Way. Anger overcame

Jake, and in a confusion of bells, guns, thunder comets, constellations and metrites in an oppressive ether of ghastly red, he fainted. The strain of self-possession had been too great.

Thru a small opening in the underbrush appeared Molly McShea and the young clerk from the local insurance office. Jake was not acquainted with his new rival, but he knew that striped socks, and white trousers had an astounding advantage over greasy overalls. The pair chattered gaily along, utterly oblivious of the prostrate form above them. A few yards down the trail they stopped and seated themselves upon a natural stone bench. The action was a terrible tragedy for the large green caterpillar upon which Aloysius sat, and was scarcely less one for the murderer. Conquests must be made at some expense, and the budget in this case was the price of a new garment.

Jake awoke. About a mile away, a black nose and fuzzy head were lifted above the fence of the baseball park. Then, assisted by the boosts of a red-headed, undersized lad of sixteen, a fat black bear fell upon the grass outside and the boy appeared beside him. At the same time Jake was beginning to inspect his surroundings with some degree of intelligence. Looking down he recognized a friend. At the same moment he heard the crooning, sickening tone of his rival saying, "I'd fight, kill or die for you, dearie."

"Guess we'll give 'em a chance", muttered Jake and precipitated himself toward the two forms in the distance.

"Hello, Charlie! How goes it? I saw you skip the circus team. But you're glad to see the old burg again. Did second base look familiar? How long is the circus goin' to stay here?"

"Hello, Jakie! What you doin' now? Got to move out to night. I was lookin' for yer. Here's a coupla compliment'ry tickets for the show this evenin"!

Then Jake's manner became grave and impressive; he bent low over his old chum's ear, and whispered rapidly. Reunion of long-parted friends is delightful, but affairs of the

heart are more urgent. Man, boy, and bear started up the mountain making good time over rocks and gullies.

* * * * *

As darkness was gathering over them, the two lovers still sat engrossed in each other. Aloysius was finishing a lengthy monologue.

"Then we'll buy the bungalow on Sills Street and—Wow!"

A large furry arm reached out and grabbed Aloysius' collar. Fortunately, his curriculum of past experience had taught him the art of rapidly disrobing. With one motion he freed himself of his coat and surmounted a convenient tree. Molly was less gymnastic. Her progress up the tree was arrested by the rending of silk and linen. She turned and dashed down the path with bruin at her heels. Then the rescuer appeared. Hurling himself upon the savage beast, Jake fought and overcame his foe with his bare hands. A few final kicks in the vicinity of his tail, and the bear lumbered back and sat down near the refuge of quaking Aloysius.

Molly and Jake wandered down the steep path together; she with the joy of salvation, he with the joy of victory.

"Want to go to the circus tonight?"

"Sure, I'll go. Got any tickets?"

"Yes, I know a fellow that does an act in it. He's an awful good friend of mine, just helped me out of an awful hard place. Old Howson's gonna fire me, but I sh'd worry."

MY NARROWEST ESCAPE

AURIE I. JOHNSON, '22

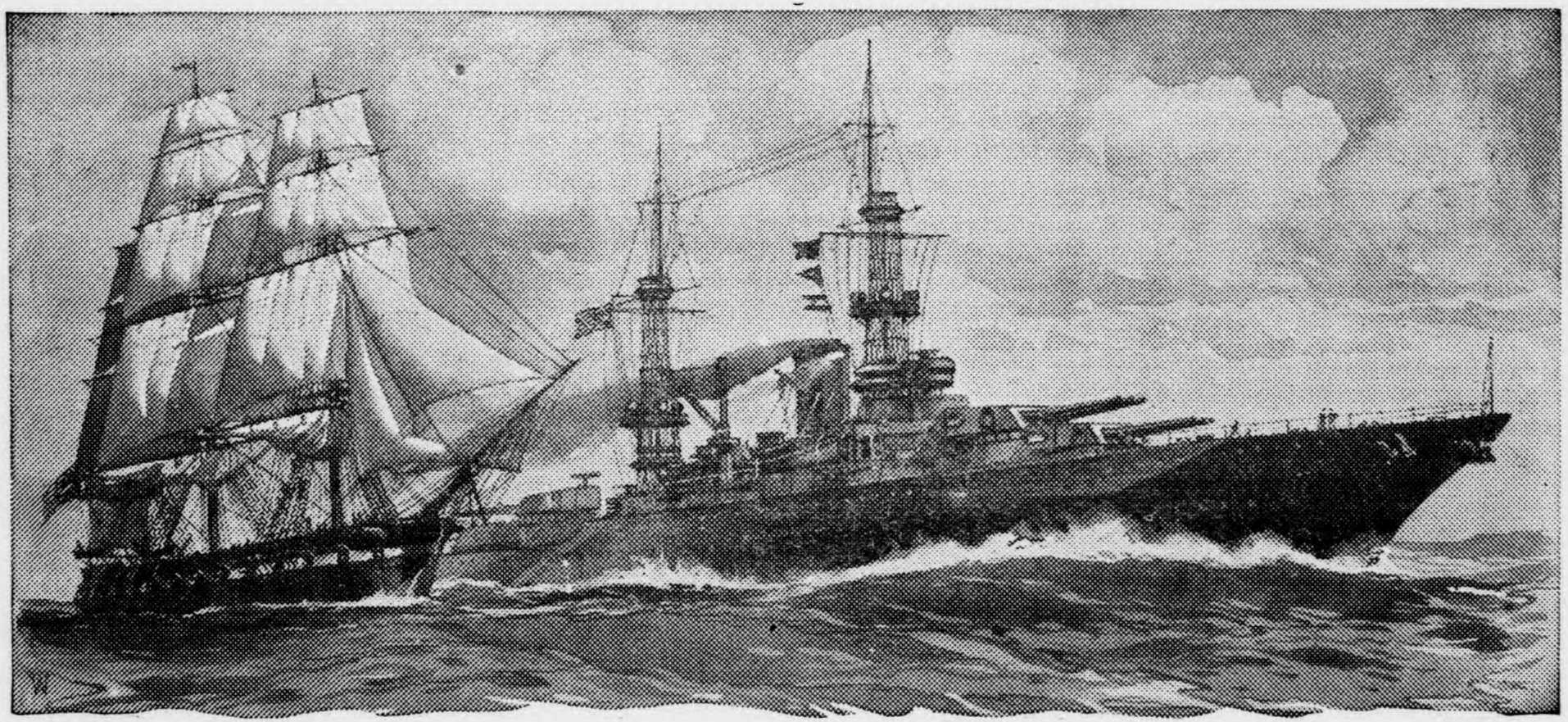
Anyone who has been in the military service, and had intrusted to his care a rifle—whether it be Lee-Enfield, Springfield, Russian, or wooden one makes no difference—will remember the emphatic instructions given with regard to dropping the piece. For those who are not acquainted with this phase of military etiquette, it will be sufficient to say that for

a man to drop his piece at any time is, according to the "statute book of the army—the "I. D. R."— "a court martial offense." With this statement of a dread military law in mind, I proceed with the narrative.

It was the custom in the army, not so very long ago, to hold reveille formation every day. Not only was this a regular formation, and attendance at it compulsory—K. P. was the time proven antidote for any ailment which tended to induce a man to absent himself from formation—, but it was also the custom to hold this formation at the convenient hour of 6:15 A.M. At the time of the year concerned in this narrative the ground was frozen hard, and the space above the ground was occupied by perfectly good fresh air, cooled to about 10 degrees Farenheit—a temperature which tends to make bare hands wish for something other than a cold rifle for a heat radiator.

The command was lined up on the parade ground awaiting the usual, much-delayed appearance of the K. O., and his "Looies". It was fully five minutes after 6:15 A.M. The men were chilled and restless. 'Let's go", and "Where's that K. O. who gives us K. P. if we're late?" are fair samples of the calls which broke out all along the line, but all to no avail. Just when it seemed as if those "leather-legs" would never show up, clatter went the fowling piece, which had only a second before been serving as a cooler for my right hand.

Just what sort of a lunge I made after that piece I'm not certain, but I do know that as I was starting down after it I saw the "general staff" of "Mr. Bates' Army" step out from behind a clump of trees off to our left, and I also heard the champion "trick" Sergeant, who was left guide of the platoon next to ours, put his entire lung capacity behind a cry of "Take his name," referring to me. Both of these incidents gave added zest to my effort to regain control over my unruly weapon. In some way, however, I got that piece back into the upright position. How it was done I don't know, or care, but judging from what my "bunkies" told me afterwards, I was exceedingly graceful about it. That wasn't



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distinct naval advantage, but also gives greater economy. At 10 knots, her normal cruising speed, she will steam on less fuel than the best turbine-driven ship that preceded her.

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Length—624 feet
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The electric generating plant, totaling 28,000 horsepower, and the propulsion equipment of the great super-dreadnaught were built by the General Electric Company. Their operation has demonstrated the superiority of electric propulsion over old-time methods and a wider application of this principle in the merchant marine is fast making progress.

another phase of the electrical industry in which the General Electric Company is the pioneer. Of equal importance has been its part in perfecting electric transportation on land, transforming the potential energy of waterfalls for use in electric motors, developing the possibilities of electric lighting and many other similar achievements.

As a result, so general are the applications of electricity to the needs of mankind that scarcely a home or individual today need be without the benefits of General Electric products and service.

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worrying me any though. What was worrying me—and that more than a little—was whether or not the K. O. saw the little side-show.

All that morning I lived in expectation of a summons to greet the worthy commanding officer in his private council chamber. Vision of K. P., H. P., trench digging, loss of passes, and even court-martial, fought for supremacy in my agitated upper regions. When the noon formation came, I thot that I would surely be told to report in the afternoon, for I knew very well that that Sergeant even though he was decorated with one " Professor Gould's Iron Crosses" in War Aims— would do his utmost to accomplish his full duty in the matter of reporting any wayward child who had committed so great a crime as I had.

Afternoon drill formation passed with suspense on the throne. Gradually I began to feel easier, and went to retreat, hoping to escape punishment. Retreat was safely passed, and we were just about to start for mess, after having discarded our overcoats and pieces, when the "Loot" in charge held up the command, and announced that Corp.—would report at the orderly Room at 7:00 o'clock sharp.

If the reader imagines that I enjoyed mess that night he is about as far from the truth as I was from Paradise. The fellows were very kind and thoughful with their comments on how to act bravely, smile, and face the orchestra. To show that I was feeling perfectly calm and natural, I might say that I ate some tomato ketchup on my army beans that night, when at any other time I would as soon have taken a dose of Castor Oil with out any lemon, as to have eaten ketchup—that good for nothing "tomato mixture" as Professor Hertell would say.

Seven o'clock came. I rapped on the Orderly Room door, and on being told to "come", I took a long breath and obeyed. I must have saluted wretchedly, for the first thing I knew, I was being roundly "called" for my slouchy salute. After another attempt, which was evidently more to the K. O.'s liking, he looked at a card, and asked me my home address.

"So he'll know where to send my remains" is about the thought which most aptly expresses how the question affected me, while my heart skipped two beats. When I told him the address, he said he wanted it for my local board papers, and dismissed me. Thus did I escape any punishment other than shivers and anxieties, as a result of having dropped my piece.

THE COHORT OF THE DAMNED*

S. H. W., '20

In the sand, desert sand
Trudging in a foreign land,
Dropping here, dropping there,
Men who long since ceased to care.

I saw stalwart men a'marching
Moving down the esplanade
Faces sober never smiling
Just a mournful street parade.
Beckoned to a wounded Tommy
Puffing hard a dirty fag
Asked him why this column moving
Shirked the quick step for the lag.
Then the Tommy stopped his smoking
Leaned against a broken crutch
"Friend," he said with voice a'trembling,
"Ere's the case their story's such."

"Those young lads are only madmen
Stricken in the great world war,
Cannot teach them peaceful livin'
Blood red murder is their law.
Once they lived in towns an' cities
Plyin' each an 'onest trade
And some, carefree, blithe young fellers
Peaceful as their God had made.

But their minds are now affected
Cannot keep them in this land
So they part with silent 'onor
England's Cohort of the Damned.''

''They'll be shipped to foreign countries
Where the sun is blindin' hot
India, Egypt or Algiers,
Any country, matter's not.
There they'll fight the dirty 'eathen
As they fought the Prussian 'ound,
Fight the fever, fight the reptile
'Till death finds them 'omeward bound.
There go 'eroes lusty 'eroes
They enlisted to a man,
But they'll ne'er return to Britain
England's Cohort of the Damned.''

In the sand, desert sand,
Trudging in a foreign land,
Dropping here, dropping there,
Men who long since ceased to care.

*Inspired by the gallantry of ''The Cohort of the Damned'' a body of young British soldiers, who, demented by their strenuous services in the great world war and unable to return to peaceful life, were sent to Algeria for wild service in the deserts.

THE FAY CHILD

ELEANOR R. BRADFORD, '22

The spring of 17—brought an almost mocking bloom to the Connecticut Valley; never had the fields about old Deerfield been greener or the bird carols newer than on the morn of May 29th. In the old days the settlers had stopped at this

bend in the river, attracted by the beauty and promise of the meadows and even yet, in spite of all the horror of an Indian war, they still persevered in holding their granted settlement. Through the long, dark winter the little band had begun to feel hope, for news had reached the out post that the nearest Pocheac camp of the Wampanoags had turned against King Philip, influenced by their venerable friend, William Pynchon of Springfield. But there were the Massacres of Swampscott, of Northfield and of Haverhill to remind the doughty settlers of the unrelenting fury of the redskin.

The Hoyts and Welkes had put in their crops very near to the wooden palisade and the corn was sprouting rapidly with a promise of a fine autumnal return. The air was so fresh and clear, the whole world fairly sparkled beneath the cheery sunshine; even Mt. Toby from afar waved its leafy arms to reassure the intimidated cabins of Old Deerfield. There were few enough of these small, rough log dwellings, clustered about a central street within the palisade. Parson Williams' house, a bit larger and more homelike than the rest stood oposite the little meeting house. Farther down the road beside an isolated log hut, in the shade of a giant elm, a demure little maid in gray woolen plied her spinning wheel listlessly.

"Thee must hasten with thy spinning to finish thy stent this morning, my pert mistress Claire," trilled a shrill voice from the interior of the house, followed by footsteps that sounded with a "click-a-ty-clack" on the threshold. A sharp faced old hag, withered with age and disappointment shook the child roughly, who cowered at the touch of that hated hand.

"Claire, indeed", the old hag continued, "thy heathen name will be the death of me; what with thy rumored communion with the witches and thy blasphemous origin I am driven to the dogs. The good deacon Hayes spoke to me only last Sabbath concerning thy freakish ways. But hie thee to thy stent."

Thus with a supplementary slap by way of emphasis, old Dame Masters reentered the door, grumbling the while.

Claire, left alone, suppressed a sigh and inertly recommenced her monotonous task. There was something mysterious about both the appearance of this dainty, pale child and her history. Dame Masters had purchased her, a kitten-like baby, from a Spanish sailor at Boston. Year by year she grew paler, a bit more dreamy and wholly out of sympathy with all the other Puritan children, who scampered away when she approached them at the spring or on the street.

"There is no doubt that she is a fay child, a tool of the witches. She must be eliminated from this God-fearing settlement!" asserted Deacon Hayes, one Sabbath evening after services; this seemed to be the opinion of the entire community except the good Parson Williams who pitied the child deeply. He alone of all the stern-faced Puritans, allowed his daughter Patience, to play with Claire and the two girls became strangely attached though the Old Deerfield people frowned on the friendship. So the child sat and dreamed away the weary hours of toil building airy castles in Spain. Someday she would run away—away to the Indians, perhaps and be their prophetess. It would be very nice and quite easy. Enticing stories, strained through the mesh of Dame Master's prohibition of such subjects, had reached her of a handsome Indian princess whose lodge far up the river drew worshipers from the entire Wampanoag Nation and even from the Delawares. She should be "Moantana of the Lily-white Hands" and there in her hemlock bower amid her worshipers not even Dame Masters with her reed broom could harm her. A harsh voice awakened the musing maiden:

"Hasten to the river by the ford, Claire, and fetch for me two buckets filled with the white sand to scour yonder floor with. Thee mayst take Patience Williams with thee if haply her mother will entrust her into thy care. And mind, be quick about thy errand for thee must soon get the dinner."

Claire picked up the two heavy, iron-bound, wooden buckets and started briskly, toward the parsonage, right glad to be relieved of her monotonous spinning stent. She even skipped a bit when she thought of the clear sparkling water and

the joy of the ripples over it. Quickly reaching the parsonage, she called to a smaller girl who was sitting on the door step reading her primer.

"Ah, Patience wouldst wish to go to the river for cleansing sand with me?"

"Aye, wilt bide a bit until I ask mother?" and the child scampered into the kitchen.

The good parson smiled as he stopped his work in the corn field to see these two gray befrocked, white sunbonneted figures skipping along, each swinging a wooden bucket. On they trudged along the shady street, then turned to the path that led through the tall grass down to the river. Buttercups and shy violets that sprinkled the meadows nodded to the little Puritan maidens and every breeze made the fragrant grass sway in successive waves. Then the narrow shore of the river supplanted the grass and in the dancing sunlight, water fairies kept beckoning to them to play a bit about the rocks and sands.

"Dame Masters may bide a bit for her sand. This morning we will sport in the sand here. Thee shalt hold a strong fortress yonder, Patience, and I with the help of my water spirits will crush it."

"Water spirits", cried Patience, in dismay, "then thou dost know the witches. Oh Claire, deacon came only yesterday to converse with my father about thy witchcraft. I climbed down the ladder in the secret chamber behind the great room and heard every word they said. But father said that thee hadst no communion with the evil ones. Now thou, thyself, sayest so—but I will not tell them—they, they will burn thee as they did old Dame Huchins. Thee—thee'll not speak more with those awful witches?" This ended in a long wail.

A wistful, faraway look came into Claire's eyes as she replied, "Hush thy weeping, Patience. If thy good deacons could only know the water fairies here, or the fine spirits that dance in the fine place of an evening they would not call it blasphemy to talk with them." A long pause ensued which

was terminated by a sudden burst of temper from Claire. "Patience, I should like to die, I think!"

The other child opened her mouth wide and gasped. Claire, I verily believe thou art possessed. Hast not the good Dame taught thee never to say such things. It is powerful wicked".

"Aye, but 'tis no blasphemy to wish for happiness. I lie in the loft often times of a night and think of the joy of seeing all those people in white robes like the catachism tells about. Then the fire spirits would come so near and one would never, never have to spin any more. That would be almost as nice as being an Indian Prophetess and having a great lodge and commanding the tribes".

"Oh, Claire!" Patience was utterly overcome by the black wickedness of the assertion.

"I would—I would like—", Claire never finished this declaration, for suddenly from around the bend in the river glided a painted war-canoe, propelled by two fierce Indians. Their foreheads were tattoed in hideous divices and their long, oiled, bronze arms glistened as they steadily dipped the water with the paddles. The children could not move—they were motionless with terror. One tall, straight redskin leaped from the whirling canoe and strode through the water to the frightened Puritan maidens. Patience, starting to scream and, white with terror, retreated, but Claire merely gazed at the approaching warrior in interested amazement. A long arm stole out and grasped the child about the waist—only then did she struggle.

"Um want beautiful Paleface maiden", leered the savage as he swung Claire into the canoe and bound her there. Patience was running fast up the bank now and crying wildly for help. The echo came back from Mt. Toby tantalizingly. The canoe turned silently and swiftly glided back up the stream. A faint cry floated back over the water, then the bend hid the bark from view. Patience, also had disappeared. The tiny waves washed over two half filled buckets and as they gushed away the water spirits sang:

"Gone, Gone, Dead, Hap-py Prin-cess, Gone."
A violin on a nearby willow repeated the refrain:
"Gon-e, Gon-e"

PILOWCASES AND THINGS

1920

The pillow cases were given me by a fond relative. They were beautiful. Never before had I seen such exquisite embroidery so carefully done on pillow slips. The sight of them filled me with a deep unutterable joy. At last my hope chest was started.

Perhaps it would be well to explain here just what is a hope chest, for there may be some who do not know. A hope chest is what all girls hope to have and what some possess. It is either a preparation for or a preventive of matrimony and old maidenhood. They usually are started on hope alone, the chest not appearing until a miscellaneous assortment of towels, pillowslips, doilies, and table linen has accumulated which is too large to be accomodated in the original receptacle. The original receptacle varies according to what one has on hand, an extra suit-case, a trunk tray, a bureau drawer, or part of a window box all have served in many families. In fact, one girl of my acquaintance began her hope, one could hardly say chest, with a pin cushion in a shoe box. As I have already said, anything will serve to begin with.

The pillow cases which were to form the foundation and bulwark of my hope chest were carefully wrapped in tissue paper and tucked away in a window box beside my best winter hat and the pieces of my blue silk dress. At intervals I would gently take them from their resting place and gaze on them rapturously, feasting my eyes on the fineness of the stitches and the beauty of the roses which rambled on the ends. A few intimate friends were allowed glimpses of the treasure. Each friend would look and sigh, "If only I had some pillow

cases like those for my chest.''. Whereupon I would smile fatuously as does the possessor of some rare article and selfishly hope that they never would have pillow cases like mine.

Perhaps I loved them too much, perhaps fate had never meant me to keep them. At any rate they were not mine long. One noon as I returned home from my work my mother met me at the door with the news that my maiden aunt, the aunt whose name I bear, was to be married. I was mildly surprised, but my emotion was not acute. No one ever experiences great surprise on learning of an engagement. Every one suspects everyone else of harboring such inclinations in their inmost souls, positive assurance in the negative in no way lessens the suspicion, and every engagement is merely a proof that such suspicions are well founded. Since she was my aunt, morever since she was the aunt for whom I was named, I wished to send her some fitting token of my regard and affection. So I packed the pillow cases and mailed them to her with my love and best wishes.

The fond relative promised me another pair and accordingly sent the order for more embroidered pillowcases to the Ladies Aid in Blanc from whence the first had come. Last summer while in Blanc I saw the second pair. They were as beautiful as the others. My fond relative suggested that it would be nice to have sheets to match the pillow slips. I agreed enthusiastically and the upshot of the matter was that we came home without them. They would be sent to me later in company with the embroidered sheets, and all would bear my monogram in large, bold letters gracefully entwined. My happiness over these pillow cases was even greater than before. Happiness is, however, shortlived, very shortlived and no one knows it better than I. Exactly four weeks to a day from the time of my return from Blanc I received the engagement announcement of my childhood friend Jane.

Jane and I had lived across the street from each other. In childhood we had made mud pies and played dolls, pulled hair, fought and made up, stolen apples, and worn out the shingles of Granny Googins gently sloping ell roof by sliding

down on a board, all in boon companionship. We had likewise shared in many ventures as we grew older. Jane had beaten me to matrimony but she had to give up college to do it, so I cherished no hard feelings. As soon as the second pair of pillow cases could arrive from Blanc, I packed them and sent them with love, much love to Jane. Surely no lesser gift would have been suitable to send to one's particular girlhood friend. Would you have done otherwise? No, of course you would not.

My hope chest is now empty and barren. There is nothing left but hope, but I have a lot of that, also there is on hand a half-finished pair of hemstitched pillow cases, which some day may be the foundation of another chest. Yet I have vague doubts. Another friend of mine is wearing a diamond, and although she refuses to divulge any information as to when she intends to marry, I have a suspicion that just as I finish those pillow cases and before I have time to embroider my initials thereon, she will be married. Which is to say that my hemstitched pillow cases will go to her as a wedding gift.

I still have hope, nevertheless. Perhaps after the third pair of pillow slips is given away my friends and relatives will be married off or dedicated to lives of single blessedness. Three times and out, you know. Then I can begin in earnest to fill my chest. If such is not the case however, I have evolved a scheme by which I will be able to keep in my chest whatever I place there. The idea is this. Instead of embroidering the designs on the articles first and my initials later, I shall embroider my initials first, and the designs later. This is the only safe way. Don't you agree with me?

What harm is there in getting knowledge and learning, were it from a sot, a pot, a fool, a winter mitten, or an old slipper?

Francois Rabelais

AND WHAT JUDGMENT RENDER YE?

J. W. Ashton, '22

We were together since the War began.
He was my servant—and the better man.

Kipling.

It was at the club to-night, that Carleton looking at my empty sleeve, said jokingly, "I suppose you miss Jenks more than ever now, don't you? Poor old Jenks; what a funny "codger" he was! Where did he ever go, anyway? Hid himself off in some forgotten corner, I suppose, in order to escape the draft."

How readily I could have choked Carleton then! Yet, after all, he was not to blame. He didn't know. He rendered only his superficial judgment. I kept back my anger and, rising, left the room.

On the way home, the more I thought the matter over, the more I became convinced that I ought to write down the true facts of the case and at least make them known to my friends. Every incident seems to stand out as clearly in my memory as if it were yesterday. Probably my opinion of Jenks was once like that my friends have just expressed tho I can hardly realize it now.

My face must have shown my uncontrollable surprise when, one morning about three months after we went into the war, after much stammering and clearing of his throat, Jenks announced that he had enlisted and would like to leave me at once.

As my astonished frown deepened, Jenks smiled wryly and started an apologetic explanation. "You see, sir, its like this. I haven't anybody depending on me at all, sir. My life does-

n't amount to much when its passed as a gentleman's valet, sir. And it appears to me that this is just my chance to make a try at doing something, sir. I'll never be missed here, and well—possibly I may be able to help a little over there.''

Now, as all my friends know, Jenks was a first class valet, a model one, in fact. Naturally I hated to lose him, and I told him so in rather heated language. I informed him that they needed men over across, not merely tailors' dummies. He agreed with me in all that I said, but very respectfully answered my unpatriotic arguments with the conclusive statement that he had already ''signed up''

I did not see Jenks again until along in the spring of 1918, during those disastrous days when it seemed as if the Germans must surely reach Paris. I had been drafted and sent across the first of December. It was one of those April days when Boche shells were coming over fast enough to bury us alive. An attack was expected every minute. Our orders were to hold the line. Along about eight in the evening a detachment of machine gunners moved up to support us. It was among them that I first saw the transformed Jenks.

Jenks, a machine gunner! I could hardly believe my eyes. As the evening wore away, I had a long whispered chat with him. Since coming across, he had been in three big battles, had been twice wounded and had received sergeants' chevrons. How he had changed! Instead of the silent, self-effacing Jenks of the old New York days, I felt myself confronted by a virile, fighting Yankee of the finest type.

But to get on with my account. Next morning, at daybreak, the Germans came over. We all had our hands full then. The first wave came on, struck the reef of the machine-gun bullets, and broke. But the second and third waves came steadily on. A shell exploded nearby, sending out a spray of shrapnel and half covering me with mud, I glanced down the line. There was Jenks, a bullet hole in his right lung, one leg bleeding and twisted-looking, propped up against his dead ''buddy's'' shoulder, working a machine gun for all he was

worth. If Carleton could have seen that picture, would he have felt that he was good enough to mention Jenk's name? I wonder . I was not the only one who saw that tableau. It was a rallying force for the whole line. Again and again, those hordes came over. Again and again, we sent them back, whipped and defeated, all because one man showed a courage that spread and spread, and overcame our natural fears and misgivings.

Jenks died. If he had crawled back to the dressing station as soon as he was hit, he might have lived. I like to think he knew it, too. He was never even cited for bravery, but material rewards can bother him but little. Jenks lives in the heart of every man who saw him that April day. After all, isn't that what counts most in life?

The most I can say of Jenks is that he was a man, one who gave much more freely than he ever received. If his story is never known to a nation, I should like to think that a few men will in their hearts give him the honor that is his due.

A FEW WISE SAYINGS

Reveal not every secret you have to a friend, for how can you tell but that friend may hereafter become an enemy.

Sadi (Persia)

Truth may be stretched but cannot be broken, and always gets above falsehood, as oil does above water.

Cervantes (Spain)

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

Pierre Charron

OH, JOY!

D. E. Libby, '22

Dramatis Personnae

Horace
Maecenas
Puer.

(The scene takes place in Room 99, Roger Williams Hall between nine and ten P.M. Horace is seated at his desk scribbling hastily upon a piece of paper and Maecenas is inclined upon the sofa in the opposite corner of the room counting a roll of bills. Suddenly Horace swings around in his chair as tho he had had ar. inspiration and addresses his friend Maecenas).

Horace—By Hercules, Maecenas! When shall we two carouse around the city of Lewiston again?

Maecenas—(thotfully) Not until after I pay this week's board bill at the Commons.

Horace—How much cash have you got in your treasury?

Maecenas—Four dollars and thirty-three cents! You owe me about five yourself!

Horace—Five bucks? Me neck! (Goes over and pats his friend on the back). That's all right, Maecenas, old boy. I say let's go down town and get a cup of old Massic.

Maecenas—Nunc est bibendum, but give me good old Falernian.

Horace—That reminds me, we have some Sabine, inner brand, down in the canteen. It's mighty good stuff, amice, Vile potabis modicis Sabinum, care Maecenas eques! I'll ring for Puer, my slave. (Rings a bell).

Maecenas—How's everything with Lydia now? What's the latest.

Horace—(his countenance drops). Vae meum fervens dificil

bile tumet iecur! Last evening I was out strolling on my Sabine farm, in under the beautiful maples near the Library when I saw Lydia and Telephus come up the street and Lydia crawled in the basement windows to escape the consequences of her late return. Oh, Telephus, fatale monstrum!

Maecens—Compesce mentem. Here comes Puer. (Footsteps sound outside and the slave boy enters).

Horace—Quis non te potius, Bacche pater. Bowdoinicos odi, Puer, apparatus. Go down in the canteen and get me a bottle of Strawberry—Excuse me, two bottles, of the inner brand, two year old, si tibi placiat. (Exit the servant).

Maecenas—How about Glycera?

Horace—Ah, Glycera, my dear friend, nunc vitat hinuleo me similis. She, also, has found other fellows.

Maecenas—Have you written any odes lately?

Horace—Only recently I wrote an ode to an umbrella. Did I read you that one?

Maecenas—I think not. I'd be delighted to hear it.

Horace—(Goes over to his desk, gets the ode and reads it).

Maecenas—Pardon me, Horace, but do you mind telling me whose umbrella it was.

Horace—(hesitating). Most certainly not! The umbrella belonged to Lydia.

Maecenas—It seems to me you think considerable of Lydia?

Horace—(subconsciously). Yes, yes. Secum vivere amem, secum obeam libens. (disconsolately). I'd be a happy boy, indeed, tonight if I knew she was mine, all mine. Telephus, fatale monstrum! (Enter the slave boy with the bottles of wine. He turns them out into glasses and sets them before his master and Maecenas).

Horace—(raising the cup to his lips) Donec virenti canities abest morosa. (drains the cup dry). Ah, my dear friend, tell me something about your case? Quae te cumque domat Venus, non erubescendis adurit ignibus ingenuoque semper amore ceccas. Quidquid habes, age, depone tutis auribus?

Maecenas—(drinking also). It's Lalage with me, you know,

dulce ridentem Lalage amabo, dulce loquentem. Everything is very well with us.

Horace—What would life be to you without her? Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula cervicem, aut facili sevitia negat quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi, interdum rapere occupet?

Maecenas—Let us change the subject a bit, and divert for a moment from the opposite sex.

Horace—What shall our discourse be then?

Maecenas—It might be baseball, politics or the war?

Horace—My friend, do you not know me well enough now to know that I cannot discuss such solemn things? My lyre is tuned to lighter strains than these.

Maecenas—(after a few minutes of silence) I have some information to impart to you, Horace.

Horace—Make haste for it is late.

Maecenas—Next Friday evening Roger Williams Hall holds it's annual party.

Horace—Oh, joy! Here is where I give Telephus the once over! Nil mortalibus arduist. Carpe diem! Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.